

send me deathless cats, locks that
do not. I have money, I can buy.

The radio broadcasts us before we
know it, write it down. Our name is
not an anagram for Sylvia, & won't be.

THE MOONS

Bears mauled the girls because they were
bleeding/red moons, spread by wind.

-- William Velde

Is that true?

In the summer hush,
the dark green wood,
ornaments of coon
above in the limbs,

white girls brood
in their tents,
tiny red moons
rise like balloons
from deltas at their hips.

The bears yawn
in the evening yellow,
famished, brown
as clocks, smell
the red moons in the green wood.

They move,
three teddys humping
through last light
fluted as a lamp-shade,

for ladies!

The whiff of months
in the wind like steaks
so rare this far north.
This is Galilee, Golgotha,
again and again.

-- Danny L. Rendleman

Flint MI